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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

A Pennsylvanian Legend.

Walter Buckel was a German emigrant, who came over to Pennsylvania about sixty years ago. He was of gentle blood, and used to boast of his relationship to one of the most illustrious houses in his native country. Nor was this an idle boast, for he could trace his pedigree with perfect accuracy through ten generations up to a hunchbacked baron, from whose clandestine amours with a milkmaid, sprung the founder of the family of the Buckels. The offspring of these stolen loves did not disgrace his birth, for he inherited all the pride and deformity of his father. So vain was he of his personal resemblance to his noble parent, that he assumed the surname of Buckel, from the hump on his shoulders, and transmitted the name and the hump to his posterity. The family continued to wear this badge of their descent down to the time of Walter Buckel; and it was observed, that, whenever it waned from its due magnitude in one generation, it was sure to rise with added roundness and prominence in another.—As, however, the illustrious extraction, of which it was the symbol, grew more remote, the respect with which the neighbors regarded it diminished, and finally ceased altogether. Walter Buckel, determined to form no connexion unworthy of his birth, had married one of his cousins, a fair, fat, flaxen-haired maiden, the purity of whose blood was attested by a hump like his own. Walter was one of those unfortunate men who are perpetually looking for respect, and perpetually disappointed, by meeting with nothing but ridicule: he had hoped to increase his consideration among his acquaintances by this marriage; but their jeers came faster and coarser, and so many rustic jokes were cracked on the well-matched couple, that he almost grew weary of life. In this desperation, he sold the patrimonial estate on which he subsisted, and without bidding adieu to any of his neighbor's except the curate who used sometimes, induced by his benevolence, to come and talk to him about the antiquity and dignity of his family, and carry home a pig, or a turkey, or a shoulder of mutton, he emigrated to America, and settled down upon four hundred acres of wild land, in the interior of the state of Pennsylvania.

His first care was to provide a shelter for his family.—His new neighbors, most of them were recent settlers like himself, came together the morning after his arrival, and before the sun had gone down, a comfortable log house with two rooms, was ready for their reception. It was built at the foot of a small hill, in a little natural opening of the forest, under a fine flourishing tree, of that species commonly called the red oak, which, in favourable soils, and in the open country, grows to a great size, and with a most beautiful symmetry, its long lusty boughs given off in whorls at regular distances, and its smooth bark of a greenish brown colour, looking as if ready to burst with the luxuriances of its juices. The tree was one of the finest of its kind, and stood in the centre of a circle of rich turf, about half an acre in extent, the circumference of which was fenced by a natural hedge of undergrowth, that prevented you from looking into the darkness and solitude of the surrounding woods. A brook came down the hill, and ran noisily through the cheerful spot, over the round stones, among which were seen a few straggling roots of the oak, laid bare by the action of the current.

Walter, who was a thin, billious, bustling man, went to work in the bitterness and vexation of his heart, thinking sometimes of his genealogy, sometimes of the gibes and jeers of his old acquaintances, and sometimes of his voluntary exile from his native country, until he had cleared the wood from all that part of the farm which lay south of the house, and was judged to include about one third of the whole. The rest he suffered to lie in a wild state, for the purpose of supplying with fuel the fire that roared all winter in the enormous chimney, which occupied a full half of the room called the kitchen. In the mean time, his wife was not idle; before the year came round she presented him with a son, whom he named Caspar, a name which, according to the family tradition, belonged to their ancestor, the hunchbacked baron.

It has been said, that marriages between relations not only perpetuate, but even aggravate, the physical and mental deformities of the parents in their offspring. I cannot tell if this be so; I was never willing to believe it; but whenever I think of the case of Caspar Buckel, I am staggered in my unbelief. As he grew to the age of puberty, it was remarked that he inherited the self-conceit and the uneasy temper of his father, along with the

sulky taciturnity of his mother. The corpulency of the one seemed to have fixed itself on his back and belly, while the spare habit of the other was copied in his lean arms, his shrunk loins and slender legs. The hump on his shoulders was at least two inches higher than that of either of his parents; his forehead was traversed by a thousand crossing wrinkles; his flabby cheeks were seamed with longitudinal furrows, and hung down so low on each side of his peaked chin, as to give him the appearance of three chins at once. Two small dim gray eyes peeped from under two white shaggy brows; between them the nose seemed as if absorbed into the face, but re-appeared at a prodigious distance below; and above a bushy shock of carrotty hair stared in all directions. At an early age, Caspar had an appearance of decrepitude; nobody that looked at him would have thought him younger than his father. Yet this singular being was not without his enjoyments. He had often heard his father speak of his noble extraction, and this idea became to him the occasion of great inward glorying, when he looked upon the earth-born plebeians around him. But it was a pleasure of a deeper and more thrilling nature to listen to the marvellous stories doled out by a toothless old female domestic. Whom his father brought with him from Germany, and was now too old and infirm to do any thing but smoke her pipe, and tell old tales by the fire-side. She told him of fairies, who dwell by day in the chambers of the earth, and dance by night in solitary groves; of hairy wood-demons, and swart goblins of the mine, till his little eyes shone with a fixed glare, and his bushy hair looked as if it would disentangle and straighten itself with terror.

Caspar liked neither to work nor go to school, and his parents were too kind to compel him to do either; his boyish days were consequently passed under the great oak. He whiled away the still summer mornings in chucking pebbles into the brook; in the heat of the day he slept with the dog in the shade, or climbed up to a seat among the thick boughs and leaves, and built castles in the air; and when the cooler breezes sprung up in the afternoon, he amused himself with swinging in a long rope, the two ends of which he had tied to two strong neighboring branches. But if the tree was thus necessary to his amusements it was also the strengthener of his superstitions. His bed was in a kind of loft just under the eaves of the house; and in the stormy autumnal nights, as he lay thinking over the legends of the old female domestic, he heard with terror the distant roar of the wind wrestling with the trees of the forest. At length he heard it fall with fury upon the oak itself, and then a storm of big rain-drops would be shaken from its boughs, and a shower of acorns would rattle down; and the long branches would lash the roof, till it seemed to him as if

all the fiends of the woodland had fastened upon the old log cabin, and were going to fly away with it.

Walter Buckel now found himself growing rich, and began to be ashamed of living in a log house at a distance from the highway, and under the shade of a great tree.—He therefore imitated the example of some of his more prosperous neighbors, and built a fine, huge, yellow house, about two hundred rods from his old dwelling, close to the public road where there was not a bough to keep the summer heat from his door, where he might be continually stifled by the dust raised by loaded waggons and herds of cattle driven to the Philadelphia market, and where the passing traveller might look in at his windows; he then quitted his pleasant little nook, and demolished his log house. An American farmer, whether a native or an emigrant, cuts down a tree with as little ceremony, as he cuts down ripe corn, and the oak would have shared the fate of the cabin it sheltered, had not Caspar, who intended to swing under its boughs many an idle afternoon yet, pleaded hard in its favor.

“The toothless old female domestic, who had told Caspar so many goblin stories, survived this transplantation of the family but two months. At first Caspar cared very little about her death, but in a few days he felt severely the want of that excitement from her wild tales that had become habitual to him, and he began to feel a sincere grief for her loss. It became irksome to linger about his father's great new house; he grew sick of seeing the carts, waggons, and cattle go by the door, and rambled away into the dark and still woods, like those in which the scene of most of the legends that had taken such strong hold of his mind were laid. He often remained out till the sun was down, and sometimes till the twilight was down also, and on his return expected at every step to be greeted by some gigantic mountain spirit, and peeped into many a dark thicket to see if it did not hide some dwarfish elf of the forest. To give Caspar his due, he did not seek these fearful interviews merely from a love of the wild or the terrible; his anticipations were all of good luck, and he considered the descendant of the hunch-backed German baron as too important and too fortunate a personage to be regarded with any other feeling than good will by these powerful but capricious beings.

At length his father and mother died both in the same year, and were decently laid in their graves. Caspar had then just come of age, and being left master of his father's estate, which was a very comfortable one, he was unwillingly forced into contact with the world. At first his neighbors, partly from natural civility, partly from a feeling of pity, and partly, also, perhaps, from a respect to his wealth, were careful to suppress the death occasioned by his deformity, and his uncouth aspect and

manners; but when they saw the undisguised contempt with which the misshapen creature treated them, they no longer kept any measure in their ridicule. The school boys chalked his figure on the board fences, the young men quizzed him, the girls ran away from him, and it was generally allowed by all who had any dealings with him, that it was a capital joke to cheat him. All these things, however, moved him less than the scorn of the beautiful Adellade Sipple, a German beauty, with an abundance of fair hair, a pair of roguish light blue eyes, and a neck and arms, none of the slenderest it is true, but of a milky whiteness. Caspar, after having fully considered the matter, had concluded to take a help-mate to assist him in the management of his estate, and had signified to Adellade his intention of conferring that honor upon her, but she only laughed in his face. Soon afterwards he made a formal declaration of his passion, in a letter, the tenderest that the schoolmaster, under his special direction, could compose; but the only notice she deigned to take of it, was to send, by way of answer, an exact likeness of his own figure, carved out of a rickety rangel-wortzel. This rebuff almost stunned poor Caspar, who thenceforward resolved to have as little as possible to do with such an ill-judging and disrespectful world. He resumed his lonely rambles in the woods, and sought relief from his mortification by indulging the wild imaginations that formerly possessed him.

It was in a mild summer evening, when he had been out all day in the forest, and had thought more than usual of the scorn of Adellade and the scoffs of the world, that he found himself under the great oak that once hung over his father's cabin. The twilight had just set in, and the frogs were piping in the marshes. "It is too early to go home yet," thought he, and he sat down on one of the logs of the old building, that lay half bedded in the earth, with wild flowers nodding over it, and began to mutter over the burden of his discontent. All at once he seemed to hear a sound as of a human voice, blended with a rustling of small boughs and leaves. He looked about him but saw nothing. Again he heard the sound; it seemed to proceed directly above his head. He looked up, and beheld high in the tree, and seemingly projected from the side of the trunk next to him, a beautiful female face, and a well-turned throat. The features were moulded in the finest symmetry—youthful—but with that look of youth which we see in greecian statues, and may imagine to belong to beings whose lives are of a longer date than ours, and which seems as if never to pass away. On each side of the face flowed down a profusion of light brown hair, that played softly in the wind. "Caspar, Caspar," said the voice. "I am here," said Caspar, "what would'st thou with me." "Art thou unhappy Caspar?" "Art thou a spirit,

and asketh that question," replied the youth: "dost thou not see my deformity, and dost thou not know that all the world laughs at me, and Adellade slights me—and yet thou inquierest if I am unhappy." "Caspar" returned the voice, "thou didst once preserve my existence, and I have not forgotten the benefit. Wash thy hands and face in the little pool in that rivulet, and go thy way home, and thou wilt soon see that I am not ungrateful."

(Concluded in our next.)

The Constant Venetian.

'Tis a sad history—The maid was slain
By one who was her lover.

The morning of that costly pageant the bridal of the Adriatic, had arrived, the dark canals of Venice were deserted, and the whole population of the city were gliding over the sea. The ocean breezes were soft and refreshing. The banners of the gondolas fluttered gaily in the air, all was blithe and beautiful. Near the state-vessel of the Doge, floated the barge of the duke de Faurini, one of Italy's proudest and most respectable nobles; but the eye of the multitude was not turned to him; his daughter—the last remaining prop of his house—the beautiful Roseline—the brightest flower of the Republican state—occupied the undivided attention of those around her.

Roseline, was at this period, entering her eighteenth year—the time when the females of the south possess that peculiar beauty, which unites the vivid loveliness of youth with the maturer grace of womanhood; hers were the true Italian embellishments; the vermilion lip—the clear brown cheek over which the damask tinge rested—the dark flashing eyes bespeaking a heart formed for devoted love; mingled with an enchanting maiden delicacy, to which often the Venetian females are strangers—these were the few gems of worth an observer could at first discover; the remainder glittered in the soul's casket. But Roseline's love—her first love—and what love is so fervent as that of youth! was given; and the heart's affection of one, whose vows were to her the world alone she could breathe, she received. Who then wondered that the beautiful girl gazed not on the scene before her—that the music's strain was unheard—and the showy spectacle was insipid? Surely no one; the man who possessed her love was by her side and in his presence the world's pleasure and the city's gaiety were tasteless. The youngest son of a noble British family, possessed of high personal and mental beauty, the inheritor of a relative's princely fortune, aspired to the hand of Roseline, and became her accepted lover—her betrothed husband.

On the sparkling bosom of the sea there now reigned an unbroken silence; the Doge pronounced the well known sentence, and the glittering ring fell; then the loud clarions mingled with the shout of countless voices rent

the air; the assembled gondolas dispersed, and the living tide once more entered the city. The vows of attachment—the hurried accents of the Englishman—were again listened to and prolonged—until the gilded bark arrived at the marble steps of the Duke's palace.

The entertainment given that evening by the Duke exceeded in splendour and magnificence, the banquet of the Doge on the preceding morning. But amid the beautiful and noble females who graced the mansion, Roseline shone conspicuous: wandering with her lover through the long colonades, in which a dim twilight reigned; or encircled by his arm, and mingling in the festive dance, she was alike in an earthly paradise. But alas! it was doomed to be transient, fleeting and decaying!

The clock of St Mark told the third hour of the morning ere the guests departed; Steinford pressed the lip of his Roseline once more, and repeated the lengthened adieu—ever and anon casting a lingering glance as she crossed the corridor to her own apartment.

It was at that moment a messenger arrived at the palace, bearing a letter for the Englishman, which he said required his immediate perusal; it was from his native isle, from his brother: in it he said their father lay on his death bed; and desired to see his last-born before his life ended; the letter concluded with an earnest wish for Steinford's instant return to England.

With the speed of lightning he placed the packet in his bosom, and strode across the gallery, leaving the courier alone and surprised at his vehemence. His frantic annunciation of their parting excited deep terror in the breast of Roseline, as he entered her apartment. No lamp burned in the room, and the faint rosy tinge which gleamed in the east threw a pleasing light on the snowy pillars and silken draperies.

"Dearest Roseline we must part," he repeated in a trembling tone, "but I will return again."

"Never—never," said Roseline, in a low whisper; "Steinford, I know full well the character of you northern men; here I hold you in a silken chain, there its links will sever—absence annuls the strongest tie of love."

"Roseline, dearest Roseline," he returned, "if you value my future peace of mind, talk not in such a strain. Can you distrust my attachment?" and he pressed her to his heart as he spoke "may you be avenged if I forsake you! Sweet one doubt not my truth."

"Henry" exclaimed Roseline, disengaging herself from his embrace, "the original of this (and she drew from her bosom his picture,) shall never cease to occupy my heart."

"I swear by the bright beams of that rising sun, that life itself shall fail to animate my frame, before my love for thee shall be quenched."

"Holy Mary!" she continued, bending before the image of the virgin: "register my vow. And now, Steinford," she added, "look on this scene once again; morning has crimsoned the ocean, and the fresh air waves the orange boughs in the balcony. When in Britain, if perchance you see yon glorious luminary rise above your northern hills, say, will you remember Roseline?—will one thought be here?"

"One thought?" said Steinford, reproachfully; "will not this spot engross all? My daily fancies—my nightly dreams—all, all will be of thee. You wrong me—by my life you wrong me, Roseline."

"Saint Agnes grant I may," she turned: "but my nurse in days of old, bid me beware of English love; she used to say, the climate of the south fostered the passion of the Italians; and that when the sky was ever cloudless, the heart would be ever fickle.—You must think me silly, but when a child these words sank deep into my breast. Now to rest Henry—I will prepare your repast before you leave me,"—and she bent her head to hide the warm tears which fell rapidly.

"There will be no rest this day for me," said Steinford; "in an hour I shall be on my road, therefore, my farewell must be brief."

"Roseline, you will see me again at Venice—then," he added, in a fond whisper, "we part no more."

But the separation did not seem to affect the maiden sensibly; she repeated in eager tone, "An hour didst thou say? Wilt thou promise me, to remain one hour longer here?"

"Surely, surely dearest," was the reply; "I promise you:—your father, Roseline—I must see him ere I depart. Once more farewell!" and he clasped her to his heart again and again—then left her; no sigh, no cry of agony burst from the lips of Roseline, the door closed, and he was gone.

The travels of one in haste to regain his native land, are generally void of interest: so it was with Steinford's; his journey exhibited little variety, and he arrived at the castle of his father in safety, but too late,—The last sigh of his parent had been breathed—the last prayer for his welfare had been murmured—and the senseless form was laid in its narrow bed there to meet corruption.

The dreadful uncertainty, the feverish impatience to him who endeavors to hope the best yet dreads to hear the confirmation of his fears generally produces intense grief, when the fatal truth is known. Henry's sorrow was therefore deep, though unavailing, and he asked if happiness would evermore belong to him: his heart at that moment answered, No.—But what does not time accomplish?

The keen edge of affliction is destroyed; the moistened eye is dried: and the wounded heart is healed. Thus then, it is through life. When the bosom is surcharged with misery, it is then obdurate to the voice of comfort;

let a few months pass, and he who before turned away, will listen with silent avidity. So it was with Steinford: the young recluse again mingled in society, and the laugh of gaily again played upon his lips.

And where is Roseline? Truly, it must be said, if she was thought of, it was casually;—if her devoted attachment was remembered it was only as a pleasant dream—a delightful vision—from which the sleeper awoke to dread realities.

But what had caused this change? What had turned Steinford's affections from one to whom he had sworn everlasting allegiance?—one in whose breast, he would never be forgotten? The world had caused it. The voice of flattery had been poured in the ear of the rich and the handsome Steinford; the eye of an English maiden had beamed on him—and Roseline was forgotten.

It is not that the heart of man is unformed to centre its affections on one object, and that one alone, but it is the desire, the propensity, if I may so term it, of fettering the affections of many—of leading crowds in his chains; dealing life or death, by smiles or frowns.

During this time the conscience of Henry did not slumber—and, when it reproached him, he would mingle in the dissipations of the city, and speed to the haunts of the profligate.—A young Italian had constantly attended him, whether it was to the courtly feast, or the noisy revel; though it was evident he was ill at ease in Britain. Those who regarded the evident melancholy of the boy, would fain have persuaded Steinford to send him again to his native land; no feeling of pity instigated them; they liked not the presence of 'the familiar,' as he was termed; at their nightly orgies his scornful smiles told of his contempt, and again his tearful eye spoke of sorrow for his master.

One night, one eventful night, when, after a crowded ball Henry conducted a lady to whom it was said he was to be united, to her equipage he motioned the Italian to approach—'The lady's carriage,' he exclaimed; 'seek for it Julio;—thou must have him for thy page,' he continued, addressing his companion: but the boy started forward.

'Nay, nay, it cannot be,' he remarked tremulously, 'I am no hireling to be transferred at will,' and the deep flush on his hitherto pallid cheek bespoke his determination.

'Back, back, boy,' said Steinford, in a tone of anger, thrusting him aside; 'you are unmindful of your station.'

As he spoke the countenance of Julio altered, the crimson blood waxed faint; the flashing eye beamed not; the curled lip became still—he would have spoken—but with a half-suppressed sigh, he turned away to his errand.

'Tis a strange boy,' again spoke Steinford; 'I met him at a post house near Venice, where he told me a lamentable story of his love; and mingling his tale with well timed flattery, in-

duced me to engage him.' The carriage of Lady Caroline M—was, at this moment, announced; presently it was gone, and Henry departed. To a gambling house in ———he proceeded: he was now become an adept in fashionable vice, and 'Steinford, the gamester,' was his usual appellation.

Those who have witnessed the haggard look, the convulsive laugh, the eager impatience, at the fall of the dice, can alone paint the scene which presented itself to the gaze of Steinford; but he heeded it not, and soon was engaged in the game: the stake was large—many thousands, he threw, and won.—Infuriated at his loss, Henry's antagonist threw again, and again lost. Then it was that the frenzied beggar uttered a maniack yell, as he exclaimed, wildly—'My wife—my children—all, all are ruined!—I will not be unrevenged!'—and with frightful vehemence, he hurled a lamp which stood near at his more fortunate adversary: the blow was not doomed to descend on him. The boy Julio had entered unobserved: on him the vengeful missile fell. The dark haired page received the blow.

'Noble boy my life has been preserved by thee!' exclaimed Steinford, and he received the senseless form of the page in his arms.

'He does but faint,' he continued, in a tone of alarm. Air! and—let him have air!—it is only a swoon.'

With speed the still lifeless form of Julio was borne to an open window.—Steinford tore from his head a black fillet, which the boy said concealed a wound; scar there was none; but on his snowy temple there appeared a deep gash, from which no blood issued.

The handkerchief was now untied, and his vest opened—and to the astonishment of all present, the white bosom of a female was exposed to view, while around her neck depended a miniature.

Oh! that sight struck deeply on the heart of Henry: he knew the portrait—he knew the dead girl's form.

'Roseline!' he exclaimed, in bitter anguish 'your vow has not been broken you are indeed avenged!'

He prayed fervently for his death—it came not—and he lived many years; but if a broken heart testified repentance, Steinford's was sincere.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

Sketches of Distinguished Females.

MARIA LOUISA,

Late Empress of France, is daughter of Francis II. of Austria, and was born in 1791. The younger branches of the imperial family had been taught to think of Napoleon with so much horror, that the princess fainted at the first suggestion of her marriage to him; but at length she yielded to the entreaties of her

father, and to state policy, and afterwards became sincerely attached to him. They were married in 1810. During the absence of Bonaparte in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813, she was placed by him at the head of the French government, as empress-regent, and in this capacity she went in state to the senate and demanded a levy of one hundred and ninety thousand men. On setting out for the army in 1814, Bonaparte took, as it afterwards proved to be, his final farewell of her. The officers of the national guard of Paris, eight hundred in number, were summoned to the great saloon of the Thuilleries, to receive the solemn deposit which Napoleon entrusted to their honour, in the persons of his wife and child. "I confide," said he, and he spoke it in a tremulous accent "my wife and child to my faithful citizens of Paris, thus giving them the dearest mark of confidence which I have in my power to bestow." On the 29th of March, the day before the battle of Paris, the empress fled to Blois, and, in May, went to Vienna. The principality of Parma had, in the mean time, been secured to her by treaty, and, in 1817, she took possession of this as princess of Parma, but her court is neither numerous nor splendid. Her son was separated from her in 1815, and has not since been under her care.

MADAM LETITIA ROMALINA BONAPARTE,

Mother to the late Emperor of France, was born at Ajaccio, in 1750, and, in 1767, married an assessor to the tribunal of that island. On the death of her husband, she was left with a numerous family, and without a fortune.—She, however, succeeded in gaining powerful friends and protectors, to some of whom she was indebted for the elevation of her family. On the invasion of Corsica by the English, she removed to Marseilles, and from thence to Paris, where she resided until the downfall of the emperor. During the greater part of that period, she lived in all the splendor and luxury of a court, and received from the French people that homage which was due to the mother of their sovereign. But the elegance which surrounded this lady had no charms for her; and it was said, that she was constantly advising Napoleon to recollect, that the day of trial might come, when the dazzling glory with which he was encircled, might pass away. Since the abdication of the emperor, Madam Buonaparte has resided in the states of the church, with her sons Lucien and Louis.

MADAM D'ARBLAY,

Better known by her maiden name, of Miss Frances Burney, is the daughter of Dr. Burney. This lady has deservedly attracted public attention, and gained a high reputation for herself, by her writings. She unquestionably ranks among the first female novel-writers of the age. Her first work was *Evelina*, published in 1777. To this succeeded *Cecilia* and *Camilla*; she has also written a tragedy, which

has been performed on the English stage, and recently a novel, called the *Wanderer*, or *Female Difficulties*. Madam D'Arblay is now a widow, and resides, since the death of her husband, in England.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

This lady is the youngest of five sisters, and was born near Bristol, in the year 1750. At Bristol, her taste and knowledge acquired her the friendship of Dr Stonehouse, who encouraged her to write, and corrected all her early effusions. The "Search after Happiness," her first publication, was favorably received; and she soon after published several other pieces. In 1782 she published her "Sacred Dramas." She retired, about 1798, to Somersetshire, with her sisters, where they established charity schools among the colliers, with much advantage to them. She has continued since to give her productions to the world, and, besides many others, has published "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education;" and being consulted on the subject of the education of the princess Charlotte, produced "Hints toward forming the Character of a young Princess," which was highly approved of, and received royal approbation. This excellent woman, who has constantly been laboring to benefit mankind, has been many years confined to her bed by an excruciating disease; but in this situation she has produced some of her best works—among which are "Coelebs in Search of a Wife," "Practical Piety," "Christian Morals," "Essay on the Character and Writings of Saint Paul," and "Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners." Amongst her most intimate friends. Mrs. More has numbered Dr. Porteus, Dr. Beattie, Mrs. Montague, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Garrick.

MARIA THERESA CHARLOTTE,

Dutchess D'Angouleme, is the sole surviving child of Louis XVI. and his queen Maria Antoinette; she married the duke in 1799. The unparelled misfortunes of her early life have rendered her melancholy, both in appearance, and in reality; she has drank too deep of the bitter cup of affliction, ever to forget it; and the traces of her unexampled misery are probably indelible. She is however, distinguished for her piety, benevolence, and humanity. The events of her life are identified with the history of France, and of the revolution. On the return of Bonaparte from Elba, she retired to Bordeaux, where she was received with acclamations; but being afterward deserted by the inhabitants, she embarked on board an English vessel for London, from which place she joined Louis XVIII. at Ghent. She returned to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. She has had no children.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

A lady of very superior literary accomplishments, distinguished herself by many able pro-

ductions, but chiefly by "A Vindication of the Rights of Women, with Strictures on Moral and political Subjects." She has also wrote well on female education and conduct, and her practical skill in education was even superior to her speculations on the subject. For soundness of understanding, and sensibility of heart, she was, perhaps, never excelled; but there were certain peculiarities of system, both in her writings and her conduct, against which every lover of religion or morals must protest. She was born in 1768, and died in 1797.

MARIA LOUISA.

The duchess of Lucca, formerly of Bourbon infanta of Spain, was born at Madrid, in 1782. She married Don Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the duke of Parma, and in 1801, by political events, they were called to reign over the kingdom of Etruria. In 1803, her husband's death left her regent of that kingdom. Her court became, by degrees, one of the most brilliant in Europe. But, in 1807, the king of Spain having ceded her kingdom to Napoleon, she retired to the court of her father. She asserted her rights, before the congress of Vienna, to the estates of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, but obtained only the principality of Lucca, of which she took possession in 1817.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

The Soldier's Funeral.

The day was calm and clear—not a cloud appeared in any part of the heavens, and the flag hung motionless over the walls. Groups of soldiers were gathered on the ramparts, whispering among themselves—none dared to speak above his breath—even the sergeant, when uttering his orders, seemed to lay aside half his authority. Soon the muffled roll of a drum was heard—silent and dejected, with their eyes fixed on the ground, a party marched past me—another company appeared—their muskets, the muzzles being pointed downwards, were crossed upon their backs. The coffin, plain and covered with a large black pall was carried along by the immediate comrades of the deceased: on it was thrown part of his accoutrements, then came another party equally pale and dejected. I mingled with the procession, and accompanied it to the grave.—Slowly was the black pall removed, and the coffin was lowered into the earth. A part of the troops removed to a little distance, but the remainder encircled the grave. The word of command was given and discharges of musketry announced to those within hearing, that a soldier's remains had now been deposited in the cold tomb—the firing of three several rounds convinced me that the warrior had died as a soldier ought to die—full of honor—though

not on the field of battle. Then the sexton approached, and as the mould sounded on the hollow coffin, the noise, though less loud, sank deeper into the hearts of the audience; all seemed to shrink away from the unearthly murmur. The deceased had been a favorite in the regiment, and every one was ready to sound his praises—his warm and affectionate heart, his mild and endearing manners, were spoken of—yet, though calm and serene in the barracks, he was ardent and enthusiastick in the field; his bravery had particularly attracted the notice of officers, and they, even as his comrades felt as if deprived of a brother. The soldiers retired—and, as I saw them walk mournfully away, casting back many a lingering look on the newly heaped up mound. I asked myself if such were the heroes who had carried the fame of the American arms to the farthest bounds of the earth—if men who could not witness, without the deepest emotion, the burial of a comrade, could ever have rushed to the charge. I knew that they had: and even at a moment of this kind, which generally brings humility along with it, I was proud of my countryman—I was rejoiced to see that those who fight ardently, could also grieve bitterly. But such have always been the feelings and sentiments of an American soldier.

Col. Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how-do-ye-do? "Pretty well, thank you; you find *I hold mine own*." "Yes," (rejoined the other,) "*and mine too, to my sorrow.*"

SUMMARY.

The August number of the United States Review, and Literary Gazette, has appeared and contains some well written and interesting articles.

James Macauley, Esq. of Herkimer, has issued proposals for publishing a history of New-York State.

No. 3. of the Western Monthly Review has been published by Mr. Flint, and will advance the reputation of that work.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Myron Bunnell to Miss Maria Fish, both of this city.

DIED,

In this city, on the 27th ult. Mr. Matthias Vanderhoevan of Rahway state of New-Jersey, in the 36th year of his age.

On Sunday last, Charles Henry, son of Mr. George Reynolds, aged 5 months.

A child of Mr. Joseph Stott.

At Hopkinton, Mass. on the 21st ult. Mrs. Anna Freeland of this City, aged 56.

Oh friend and saint, beloved, revered!
And are those seasons ever o'er,
By thy sweet converse so endeared,
And must we meet on earth no more?
Those seasons when together met,
We scanned with thee, the sacred page?—
We mourn thy loss—and yet, oh yet,
This is a weary pilgrimage!
We would not thou wert here again;
For now thy sufferings all are o'er—
No more thou'lt feel of woe, or pain,
But dwell with God forevermore.

Col.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
THE BETRAYED.

Oh come to the beach and gaze with me,
On the beauties of the dark blue sea :
Mark you that varying streak of light,
As it streams from the silver Queen of night ?
How it quivers along the ocean tide,
As trembles a fair and new made bride—
Mark you the stars that shine below,
They seem in the waters deep enow—
And mark you that fair and gallant bark,
That sports like the fawn in its native park ;
'Tis my own light vessel which you see
And thou fair maid must go with me.

A tear rush'd quick to the maiden's eye,
She trembled and yet she knew not why ;
Her heart recoiled and her cheeks grew pale,
And she shrunk as she view'd that snow white sail ;
But he took her hand—which she did not check,
And lo ! they are now on that bright boat's deck ;
Yet oh ! she will mourn that evening's stroll,
Though with him she loved as her own bright soul ;
For a fiend had lured her from friends and home,
Away on the dark fickle sea to roam :
'Twas a pirate had won her and from that main,
She was doom'd—oh ne'er to return again !

Williamsport, Pa. August, 1827.

P.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

WHAT IS MONEY WORTH?

What is money worth
If we do not spend it ?

'Tis not fit to keep—
We lose it, if we lend it.

What is money worth,
When in chest we lock it—
Or when snug it lays
For months within our pocket ?

What is money worth
When we strive to make it ?
Soon we're hurried off—
Then relations take it.

What is money worth,
When to the poor 'tis giv'n ?
'Tis lent to the Lord,
To be return'd in heaven.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
HOME.

Come Zephyrs from your sacred west,
And waft me o'er the sea—
The wanderer's heart can ne'er have rest,
And there is none for me—
For Home it is the dearest spot
That God to man has given—
Yes, Home is whate'er be thy lot,
The counterfeit of Heaven.

The wild bird that hath spread his wings,
And cleft the azure sky,
May gaze upon the orb whence springs
The blessings of the Deity ;

And still his rapid mountain flight
Will waft him to his nest,
And though those rocks be rude as night,
Oh is not calm his rest ?

Oh that my own as his were calm,
Though with the happy free,
I cannot find that sovereign balm,
Dear Home I find in thee ;—
For Home it is the dearest spot
That God to man has given—
Yes ! Home is, whate'er be thy lot,
The counterfeit of Heaven.

ULYSSES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Tribute of Respect to the memory of Mrs. Anna Free-
land, who bore a painfully protracted illness, with that
cheerfulness and fortitude which ever marks the christian.

*"Forgive blest shade, the tributary tear,
Which mourns thy exit from a World like this."*

O distant friends ! for she was doomed to die
From hearts that justly loved her well ;
But blest with filial care—affections eye
Watched every pain the sufferer could not tell.

And long and many were the pains she bore,
Slowly dissolved the silver chord gave way ;
And now 'tis broke—and Nature's conflict o'er,
Heaven throws its portals wide to endless day.

The fragile form lies tranquil, chill and deep,
The spirit's "shuffled off this mortal coil ;"
And tho' her nameless virtues bid us weep,
Again we cannot wish that breath of toil.

But we will view her in her healthful day,
When the whole soul glowed bright with grace of God ;
And from her eye beamed more than earthly ray,
As she portrayed the Prophet's holy word.

And we will treasure all those precepts true,
That once she joyed to con from sacred page ;
And may the thought of what she was, renew
A flame that will our noblest powers engage.

And when we meet to celebrate his love,
Our little band, across a shade may pass ;
Yet with her spirit pure we'll join above,
And mourn not that our fleeting days are grass.

For soon our bark will waft this stormy sea,
And glide into the port of heavenly rest ;
Spotless, in glittering robes, we'll ever be
In mansions of our God, a welcome guest.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Earth.

PUZZLE II.—Horn-pipe.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Two thirds of a pit, and a vast heavy weight
Will give you a city in New Jersey State.

II.

Take a kind of a hut and add to it twenty hundred
weight, and you will have the name of a staple com-
modity of the Southern States.

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